Gambling Evil In New York

Gaynor, Dougherty and parade pictures photo by American Press Association.

1.—Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo. 2.—Mayor Gaynor. 3.—District Attorney Charles S. Whitman. 4.—Deputy Commissioner George S. Dougherty. 5.—New York police on parade. 6.—Herman Rosenthal. 7.—Lieutenant Charles Becker.

Great Moral Lesson Taught by Rosenthal-Becker Case—Traps Set For the Unwary Who Play For Stakes — Jerome Said "Square Gambling" Was a Myth—Many Raids by Police, but Cases Where Those Who Paid "Hush Money" Were Let Alone.

THE gambling expose which followed the murder of Herman Rosenthal and which has kept the police department of New York city in the public limelight since the tragedy has been productive of good resuls. Developments in the searching investigation into conditions revealed through the confessions of members of New York's gambling gangs, besides arousing the governments of other municipalities to a sense of the advisability of looking more closely to the prospective endurance of their own official reputations, have spread before the susceptible youth of the country a sermon which all have read and which many have heeded, for the Rosenthal case affords a grim picture of the fruits of yielding to the gambling temptations of a big city.

While in recent years public antagonism to gambling as practiced and countenanced openly, as was the case at Canfield's famous Saratoga place, has had a salutary effect upon this evil and stories of gigantic "killings" have been denied by that element belonging to the class ever ready to take a "gambling chance" at anything, gambling continued just the same. Everybody knew that there was gambling on a smaller scale everywhere under cover. Of course there was gambling in New York. No matter how well the police might perform their duty, it was still going on, as everybody admitted. But when Rosenthal was shot down in cold blood that night in front of a West Forty-third street hotel by a band of chosen assassins in an automobile and when it was alleged that they had been allowed to escape at their leisure because certain influences in the police department did not desire their arrest even blase New York was shocked. It was declared that Rosenthal had forfeited his life because he was about to give to District Attorney Charles S. Whitman information showing that the police tolerated gambling dens for a share in the proceeds.

The widow of Rosenthal, who himself was a gambler, pointed an accusing finger at the police and declared that even though "they had killed her husband" they had failed to prevent the transmission of the damaging evidence to official channels. Rosenthal had made the statement that Charles Becker, a police lieutenant and head of the "strong arm" squad, was his gambling partner and hounded him when he refused to be "shaken down" for large sums of money. Then came the arrest of Becker on the charge of homicide in connection with the killing of Rosenthal.

Mayor William J. Gaynor declined to take any precipitate step and instructed Police Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo not to dismiss Becker unless he was proved guilty. While Becker languished in a cell the district attorney's force was at work looking up the financial condition of the accused $2,250 a year police lieutenant, and he was found to have deposited considerable amounts in various banks. In spite of these discoveries and the confessions of the smaller fry in the gambling net, Becker maintained his innocence. But at that time, regardless of Becker's guilt or innocence in the death of Rosenthal, the slain "squealer," the fact had been made apparent that gambling flourished in New York to an extent beyond the wildest conjectures, as shown by the enormous tribute extorted from proprietors of the gamesters' haunts.

When "protection" money was not forthcoming there would come the inevitable raid. Policemen armed with axes would descend upon the unlucky proprietor and smash the doors of his place, arrest all whom they found there and cart away the telltale paraphernalia. New York has had many such spectacular raids.

"Dishonesty and the success of dishonesty in American politics have been the main contributing causes to the growth of gangs in crime," said District Attorney Whitman recently. "If a policeman sees a superior retire with riches gained by crooked methods where is there an incentive for him to refuse graft when offered in a small way?"

"All Gamblers Dishonest."

When William Travers Jerome was district attorney he said he had collected evidence to prove that every gambling house, even the most exclusive, was stocked with appliances to cheat patrons. One of the wisest gamblers in New York once said:

"Some time, somewhere, an honest gambler may have lived—a gambler who played with fair tools and was content with his percentage. Maybe there is an honest gambler alive today, because there is an exception to every rule. I never met an honest gambler. I never saw a gambler in my life who wasn't always looking for Gatesey's odds.

"In the first place no man can be a gambler who is not instinctively a thief. Trace back the career of any gambler alive and find where he started from. You will find that in his youth he had the alternative of being honest or being crooked, and you will find that when he started on his way he never changed."

"Is there any honest gambling?" asked the perplexed reporter.

"There is," replied the gambler. "Professionals, when playing with each other, play honestly if they rank evenly in skill. But if you take ten gamblers and let them play together ten nights in succession at the end of that time at least two of them will have figured out a scheme to steal from the other eight.

"In a big, brilliantly lighted room it is difficult to cheat if the play is heavy—comparatively easy to cheat if the play is light. In private games cheating is easier than honest playing.

"In a long career as a gambler I have seen thousands and thousands of men play on the outside. I think I am safe in saying that at least 35 per cent of these then were befogged by liquor."

The maintenance of the more pretentious gambling houses costs a good deal. Incidentally there are tricks in all trades and very clever tricks in gambling. For instance, klondike is a popular form of gambling. The game is played with five dice. The player bets that he can beat a pair of aces in one throw or that he can beat the dealer's throw. He can also bet that his throw will be lower than the dealer's. But the "house" wins not only when its throw beats, either higher or lower, but when the throw ties. Most gambling houses run a chuckaluck game regularly. This, as well as klondike, looks fair, but as a matter of fact the player has no chance of winning, as practically every game of chance is controlled by some device to trap the "boob."

In 1903 it was said that 300 gambling houses in New York earned $14,000,000 a year and that 15,000 patronized them every day.

Among the famous gambling headquarters of the past in New York were the following: 33 West Thirty-third street, where Gottfried Gottlieb Walbaum, Frank Farrell and Davy Johnson spent half a million dollars in equipping the grandest bijou gambling place in the world; two houses which John Daly conducted, one in Twenty-ninth street and the other in Fifty-seventh street; Lou Betts' places at 122 West Thirty-fourth street and at 106 West Forty-fourth street; Joe Ullman's, at 216 West Forty-sixth street; the Washington game, in Thirty-first street, which Briggs Perry frequented and where Al Smith and Pat Sheedy held their great session with Riley Grannan. Riley dealing the bank at faro and Smith and Sheedy trimming him for $40,000; John Daly's old time place, at 8 Barclay street and 818 Broadway, the latter having been one of the greatest gambling houses in America. John Morrissey founded it, and a syndicate ran the place for many years. It was closed in the nineties.

Mysterious Signals.

A typical gambling house was guarded on the outside by a "lookout," who, while apparently strolling casually along the street, kept a sharp watch for raiders and carefully scrutinized all who approached the entrance. If anything appeared to be wrong he might press an electric button concealed under some adjacent stoop, give a loud and peculiar whistle, knock in a prearranged way on the door, ring the bell hard or, as in one particular instance, push the lid of the letter slat in the door violently back and forth. In this case the metal slot when pushed back struck two nails driven into the door just above it on the inside. These nails were connected with electric wires, and, the circuit being completed, a warning bell was rung in the room where the game was going on.

If all was well the regular client knocked at the door or rung the bell, and at once a small wicket in the door was opened and a face looked out. If it was nighttime a light behind the guard shone full in the visitor's face. If the doorkeeper recognized the caller he opened the door and carefully locked it behind him. He then called to a second doorkeeper, who unlocked a second door, and the caller then was with in the place proper.

PROPERTY RIGHTS INVOLVED.

Discovery of Gold at the South Pole Would Start Trouble.

At the north pole the question of territorial ownership, so far as it is raised at all, is purely academic, for at that end of the earth a motive for the continuous occupation which must follow discovery to establish possession is hardly conceivable, much less known. Nobody will ever want to stay there, as Peary made certain—it had long been held more than highly probable—there is nothing that anybody wants, but merely sea covered by storm swept ice. At the south pole, however, conditions are entirely different, says the New York Times.

The antarctic continent is indeed a dreary land, with a climate somewhat worse than any in which men have ever attempted to set up permanent habitations; but, bad as it is, living there would be easily possible, and it would take nothing more than the finding of gold among those desolate mountains to hurry a rush of eager treasure seekers to them. That the gold is there is far from improbable. The antarctic mountain range is an evident continuation of the Andes, and scattered along every known part of that great chain of volcanoes are deposits of the precious metals. The presence of gold in Tierra del Fuego warrants the expectation that it exists on the other side of what is, after all, rather a strait than an ocean.

Life would be hard in the interior of the antarctic continent, but it is the most notable of man's superiorities that he can conquer any climate, and what a few men have endured for short periods for little more than glory of having gone where none had been before other men would gladly risk for months or years if inspired by the hope of getting rich in what is perhaps the most attractive of all ways. Amundsen's story of his journey, so far as it has been told, reveals only by implication that hardships were suffered. They were doubtless such as only travelers with something of the remarkable strength and endurance of him and his companions could face with any approach to safety, but the facilities of supply and the means of shelter could be improved until they were not much inferior to those of the Yukon country.

That not long ago was considered no less worthless than the antarctic continent is now, but with the discovery of gold there came the knowledge derived from hard experience that low temperatures and nights six months long are not insuperable obstacles to the founding of cities or to the equipping of them with most of the comforts and many of the luxuries characteristic of urban life in lower latitudes. And where value is there will ownership be surely.

Women's Trade Union League.

A working printer, Mrs. Paterson by name, founded the Women's Trade Union league in England in 1874. The league's membership is now quoted at 200,000, the textile industries furnishing the majority of members.

Grist From the Sport Mill

By STADIUM

Pitcher Demaree of Mobile, who will report to the Giants when the southern league season closes, has been pitching great ball, and if he lives up to his reputation may prove to be one of the finds of the year.

The so called "inside" baseball playing is all right and results in many successful plays on the diamond. Strong and consistent playing, however, is the mainstay of any club.

When a player approaches the plate the uppermost thought in the minds of spectators is, "Will he hit the ball?" If the ball is struck and hit safely the spectators are happy. Hitting the ball safely is the most interesting feature of the game.

It is noticeable this season that the players are hitting the ball well. They seem to have made up their minds that free and easy hitting is preferable to bunting. This free hitting makes the games more exciting. To be sure, it may mean a larger score, but that is not to be deplored. When there is free hitting there are more chances for brilliant catching, skillful fielding and fast running. The scene is more animated and fascinating. The more batting there is the better pleased patrons will be all during the season.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Bob Groom, backed by the wonderfully improved Senators, has established himself as a terror to fence busters. Hard hitters have been Groom's specialty all summer. Sam Crawford, Eddie Collins and Ping Bodie, trouble makers for most pitchers, have been comparatively easy for Groom.

Roy Chapman, the infielder Cleveland acquired from Toledo in the American association, after practically every major league club had been angling for him, has the remarkable record of transition from the nine of a country high school to the "big show" in less than three years. He is a flyer on the bases. He used to run 100 yards in 10 2-5 seconds and 220 yards in 23 seconds flat, and was a football player. He has a batting average in the minor league of .341, and has been a first magnitude star in every phase of the game there.

Cincinnati and Cleveland can go ahead and make arrangements for the Ohio championship contests. Then the fans can shut their eyes and think that they are seeing a world series.

The Harvard undergraduates declared last fall that the accident to Tudor Gardiner cost them the gridiron championship. Gardiner played left

Photo by American Press Association.

Tudor Gardiner, Who Is Mainstay of Harvard Line.

tackle and was one of the season's sensations until his arm was broken in the Princeton game.

This year, however, he is in splendid shape and Coach Haughton expects to use him as the nucleus upon which to build a record breaking line.

CARRION CROWS IN LONDON.

The last of the London rookeries still survive in the gardens of Gray's inn, and it would be interesting to know if there are any crows also nesting there. A pair of carrion crows have their habitation somewhere in the neighborhood, and they are often to be seen and heard in the early morning near St. Pancras church, the tower of which has been at times used by the old birds as a sort of aerodrome for the instruction of the young ones in the art of aviation. A pair of these birds used to nest in the garden of a house at the corner of Tavistock square, occupied until lately by Sir E. T. Cook. They have left there for a year or two, and it is very probable that they have made their new home in Gray's inn gardens.—Westminster Gazette.

In the early ages of Greece and Rome piracy was considered an honorable profession.

Weekly Illustrated Humor

Imported Humor.

A Chicago politician imported his cousin from the old country and had him appointed a smoke inspector. This was in the old days. He was turned loose to inspect without any instructions whatever, and this is the report he rendered at the end of the first month:

"I certify that I have inspected the smoke of this city for the thirty days past. I find plenty of smoke and apparently of good quality. Respectfully submitted."—Kansas City Journal.

A Note of Pathos.

"So you don't want to take a hand in active politics?"

"No," replied the discouraged looking woman. "What's the use of giving my husband still further chance to say it's my fault when anything goes wrong?"—Washington Star.

Driven to It.

Farmer Greene—Josiah, I got bunkoed in that town widow. After I married her I found out she was a regular nag.

Farmer Browne—A nag. Well, I swan! That's a horse on you.

Candid Avowal.

"You haven't your usual remarkable stories to tell about your fishing trip."

"No; the truth is that I got so interested in trying to catch some fish, I forgot to think up any."—Washington Star.

Proving His Weight.

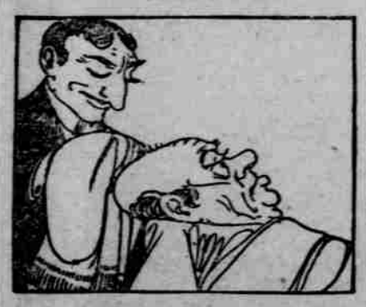
They say, my little fellow,
That but seven pounds you weigh,
But your daddy knows much better.
You weigh more than that today.
You weigh, I'll vow this minute,
Just one hundred thirty-two.
Folks may laugh, but it is gospel,
Coz I'm all wrapped up in you.
—Detroit Free Press.

The Cost of a Dye.

Hitt—Do you really think it's dangerous to dye the hair?

Witt—Oh, very! I knew a fellow of about your age who did it, and the first thing he knew he was married to a widow with six children.

Too Late.



The Barber (after the shave)—Hair dyed, sir?

Customer (baldheaded)—Yes; it died about five years ago.

Professional Pride.

"Clothes don't make the man," said the careless customer.

"No," replied the tailor ruefully, "but some men have a queer look about 'em that makes 'em the ruination of a suit of clothes."—Washington Star.

Biased Enthusiasm.

"What makes you so sure that our candidate will be elected?"

"The fact," replied the candid campaigner, "that I will lose the prospect of a good situation if he isn't."—Washington Star.

The Day of the Suffragette.

"Are you an instructed delegate?"

"I should say so!"

"How were you instructed?"

"By my wife before I left home."—Washington Star.

Now Look at Him.

Blinks—Chesty says that his boy is wonderfully smart.

Clinks—Yes, but Chesty ought to know better than to build any experience on that. I can remember when Chesty's father said the same thing about him.

Her Point of View.

He—I committed that forgery to satisfy your extravagant tastes. The crime is on your own head, not mine.

She—Ah! Is my crime on straight?—Exchange.